

NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1883.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

This is her shadow, nothing more;
The eyes that wear no smile for mine,
The silent lips that laughed before,
The hair without its wave and shine,
This mask that shows no spark divine.

How calm and cold it looks at me!
Her eyes were full of shade and sun;
A look that rippled like the sea
Across whose breast the light winds run—
A gleam, a cloud, a tale begun.

This is the veil her soul put on
To run the weary ways of earth,
And when her brief, bright race was won
She laid it down beside her hearth,
A worn-out thing of little worth.

It is not she that fronts me here—
This speechless aspect, still and cold;
I knew her fair and sweet and dear;
A clinging girl, with heart of gold,
And hands that clasped with tender hold.

Was it a gentle prophecy,
This slight transparent mould of clay,
To let the loving round her see
How soon the soul must flit away,
That fluttered, pained, but made no stay?

"Not here, but risen," Oh, angel song
Still falling soft on hearts that weep;
This is the dead, whose ashes long
Her Master's messengers shall keep
Safe in earth's last undreaming sleep.

But she who wore this mortal guise
Has fled beyond our tearful sight;
Joyful and strong, serene and wise,
She lives upon the hills of light,
And waits on us that heavenly height.
—(Rose Terry Cook, in the Christian Union.)

TRIAL BY JURY.

Its Value as a "Bulwark."

The value of that time-honored institution, trial by jury, as one of the bulwarks of liberty, is strikingly exemplified in an account which a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press gives of an interesting interview with George Washington Breakiron, one of the jurymen who acquitted the murderer Dukes. The correspondent says:

Sixteen miles northeast of Uniontown, in the mountainous wilds of Bullskin Township, is a place called Breakneck. It is simply a settlement containing here and there a rude log hut of such artless mechanism as to suggest the most primitive stages of civilization. Here in a cabin lowly and unpretentious lives Breakiron. The unworked road, the half-cleared farm fields, riderless fences, and the dilapidated buildings all suggest a state of simplicity somewhat unlike the verdict rendered in the famous trial. Breakiron is 52 years old. It would be difficult to find a man more ignorant in every respect than he is. He is unable to read, and, until the trial, knew nothing of the circumstances attending Capt. Nutt's death. To the question, "What did you do first after retiring to the jury-room?" he replied:

"The first thing some one remarked: 'Are we all Democrats?' We found we were, and I said it was wrong; that we ought to be mixed and have some Republicans on. Then Armstrong said we ought to pray, as the jury prayed in the Low trial. Clawson prayed aloud, and the rest of us got down on our knees. The next thing we appointed a foreman. They wanted to appoint me, but I would not serve on such a big case. I never was on a jury before, and I wanted to practice on small cases first. We then appointed McIntyre. We then took up the letters, and read them over several times."

"What did you think of Dukes' letters?"
"We thought a man should not write such letters to a father, but we concluded they did not bear directly on the murder and we passed over them. We decided, however, that Nutt's letter contained a bad threat, and after talking the evidence over awhile we voted. We had no paper to write on, and so we just held up our hands. On the first ballot we stood three for manslaughter and the rest for acquittal, except myself. I sat back in the corner and did not vote the first time. Amongst voted for manslaughter on the first ballot, and after that he went for acquittal. He had a good deal to say, as did Cramer, who was babbling for acquittal. And so we hardly thought we could take it. The testimony of the several witnesses was mixed, and we just weighed each man's evidence and did the best we could."

"What did you decide as to the shooting?"
"We thought it was done pretty much in self-defense."

"Did you find that Nutt had a pistol?"
"From the testimony at the coroner's inquest he had, but it did not seem at the trial that he had."

"Which testimony did you take in such a case?"
"We took parts of both and did the best we could. We could hardly tell whether Nutt had a pistol or not."

"How, then, was Dukes in danger of being killed?"
"The cane was heavy enough to kill a man. We decided to accept the testimony of Henry Jennings that Dukes held the cane when he shot."

"If Dukes held the cane and Nutt had no pistol in his hand, how did you find Dukes to be in danger?"

"We thought Nutt had hit Dukes with the cane when he entered the room, and Dukes got it away after the attack. I don't remember just how we did fix up that point. I have been thinking it over since, and I can't recall it all, as it is a big thing to get into a man's head."

"You did not vote at first; but when you saw what the others were going to do how did you decide to vote?"
"I voted to acquit him."

"If the others had all voted for a first degree verdict what would you have done?"

"Well, then I would have done that, too. We took about seven ballots, and then made it unanimous for Dukes, all holding up our hands. I thought the verdict was all right, and did not know of any tricks or bribery or perjury. The first I suspected of there being anything

wrong was when the judge scolded us. We thought the judge's charge was fair. We decided that Breckenridge and the colored man were all in the room when the shooting occurred; but then the evidence was so mixed up it bothered us. I did not want to be on this case, and if they had given me a chance I would have lied off. But they asked me no questions and I had to be sworn. I had never read any account of the killing, and had no opinion in the matter. I had intended to go to Connelisville to-day, but feared to do so, as they will pelt me with eggs if I go there."

HOW IT IS DONE.

Thriving and Saving on \$1.10 a Day—
With a Family of Six Children.
From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"How much do you get paid a day?" asked an Enquirer reporter of a section hand on the Little Miami Railroad, whom he met at a small village about twenty-five miles distant from the city a few days ago.

"A dollar and ten cents," was the reply.
"And do you receive pay for every working day in the month, work or play?"

"No, indeed; we are only paid for the time we work."

"I suppose, though you generally make full time?"

"Not always, sometimes bad weather and heavy rains prevent us from working."

"Well, then, if you make full time your pay is from \$27.50 to \$29.70 per month."

"Yes, that's about the amounts we receive, according to the length of the months. In February our pay is sometimes even less."

"Don't you ever make any extra time?"

"Yes, sometimes we are called out to work on Sunday, in cases of emergency and then we are allowed more than on week days for our labor."

"Don't you have hard work living on the wages you receive?"

"Sometimes I have found it very difficult to get along, but I have managed to keep my family, and I own a piece of property on the next street. If you will step around there with me I will show you where I live."

The reporter did as requested, and found a very good frame house one story in height and containing four rooms.

"This is my place," continued the section man, "and it was paid for several years ago."

"But how did you manage it?"

"Well, you see when I bought the place I was getting \$1.25 a day for working on the section. Wages were better then. I had a little money saved, and I made a payment on the place, and after that I paid as I could save the money. The place when I purchased it wasn't in near as good order as now. I repaired the house at odd times and on Sunday, until I have it now in pretty good condition, as you see."

"Hello, Jimmy, is that you with the cows," said the section man to a lad outside the fence with a couple of very fair-looking cows.

"Yes, father, I have just brought them home. I have had them over the river picking about, where there is still some little grass."

"Are those your cows?" asked the news man, surprised that a man receiving such a pittance could own cows.

"Yes, sir; we make our own butter, and sometimes have some to sell."

"But how can you afford to keep cows?"

"It doesn't cost much in summer time, for then the boys take them out along the road and let them eat grass, which is plentiful when the season is not too dry a one. In the winter time, though, it costs considerable to keep them. That little red cow you see there was raised from a calf, the other cow is her mother."

"Have you a large family?" asked the reporter, wondering how many could be kept on \$1.10 a day.

"I have a wife and six children—three girls and three boys."

"And you mean to tell me you have raised them all, and never received more than \$1.25 per day for your work?"

"That's just it."

"How do you manage to make money go so far?"

"By being saving. I look after every penny. I have a pretty good-sized lot, and we raise our vegetables in summer time. So you can readily see how the vegetables and milk and butter we have help us along. I never spend any money for drink like so many men of my class do. I spend a little for tobacco, and that is all I think I expend for luxuries, as I term the unnecessary articles, or those that a man can get along without. Sometimes I used to have to watch the corner pretty closely. That was when the children were all young. Now it is easier for me, and I can live better. Two of my daughters are old enough to work and are living out, so they cost me nothing. Two of my sons are also able to support themselves, so that I have but the two youngest children and my wife to care for. I taught my children habits of industry, and they were all brought up to work. I sent every one of them to school, and they all have fair learning. I dressed them so that they were comfortable, and we never starved, although, of course, we didn't have porterhouse steaks or anything of that kind to eat. I tell you, I did all this and never made over \$1.25 a day. Everything is in knowing how to do it," said the section man as the reporter left him in a hurry to catch the train.

Worth Remembering.

Now that the good times are again upon us, it is worth remembering that no one can enjoy the pleasantest surroundings in bad health. There are hundreds of miserable people going about to-day with disordered stomach, liver or kidneys, when a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the medicines they have ever tried.

It is claimed that gold certificates to the amount of \$9,000 were abstracted from the moneys received into the New York Custom House. An investigation has been authorized.

A CURIOUS HOUSE.

The Narrowest Residence Ever Erected in the World.
From the New York Evening Post.

The narrowest house in this city may be seen at the northwest corner of Lexington avenue and Eighty-second street. When Lexington avenue was cut through some years ago, a strip of land five feet wide and a hundred feet deep was all that was left of a certain lot belonging to a person who did not own the next lot on the street. The strip while of little value by itself, would be valuable to the person owning the adjoining lot on Eighty-second street, because it would not only enable him to build a house five feet wider, but would give him windows along the side of his house on Lexington avenue. The two owners, however, could not agree as to terms, and the house was erected on the lot adjoining the narrow strip. The owner of the latter had nothing to do but to abate his lot, or build a house five feet wide upon it. The latter course was perhaps adopted because such a house would shut up all the side windows of the neighboring building, and considerably reduce its value.

The new building, which has been finished for some months, is therefore five feet wide, 100 feet deep, and 4 stories high. It is divided into two houses, each fifty feet long, and the entrance doors, are, of course, on the avenue, as there is no room for a door at either end of the building. The law allows a building at a corner of a street to have projecting bay windows along the side, and taking advantage of this circumstance, the architect had managed to plan a house which, while peculiar in inside appearance, and probably very uncomfortable to live in, may find tenants. Without these bay windows or square projections running from the foundation to the roof it would not have been possible to build a house at all, for no room would have been wider than 3 feet. Each house has, therefore, two bay windows, in one of which are the stairs and in the other one room about eight feet wide by fifteen feet long, upon each floor. The long passage between the stair well and the room is about three feet wide. Each house contains a kitchen eight by fifteen feet and four rooms, each of the same size, but on different floors. There are also ingeniously placed closets at each end of the building and under the stairs. Both houses are unoccupied. One is offered for rent at \$500 a year.

If the object of these extraordinary houses was simply to shut out the light from his neighbor's building, he would probably have accomplished the same end at much less expense by adopting Mr. George Kemp's device of sheet-iron shields. Mr. Kemp did not wish the occupants of the building in the rear of his house at No. 720 Fifth avenue to overlook his premises, and so he built an iron scaffolding in his back yard and placed iron shields against the obnoxious openings, shutting out air and light as completely as a brick wall would have done. This arrangement has been for years the source of no little comment from the neighbors and passers-by.

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